



Geronimo Stilton

# SPACeMice

**BEWARE!  
SPACE JUNK!**



 SCHOLASTIC




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SPACE JUNK!**



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My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I've always wanted to write incredible adventures set in **another dimension**, but I've never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That's because my good friend **Professor Paws von Volt**, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are **many different dimensions in time and space**, where **anything could be possible**.

The professor's work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I **travel through space in search of new worlds**.

We're a fabumouse crew:  
the spacemice!

I hope you enjoy this  
intergalactic adventure!

*Geronimo Stilton*



**PROFESSOR  
PAWS VON VOLT**

# THE SPACeMice

GERONIMO  
STILTONIX



TRAP  
STILTONIX



THEA  
STILTONIX



GRANDFATHER  
WILLIAM STILTONIX



ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN  
STILTONIX  
AND BUGGY  
WUGGY



Geronimo Stilton

# SPACEMICE

**BEWARE!  
SPACE JUNK!**



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In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.

This fabumouse vessel is called the **MouseStar 1**, and I am its captain!

I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.

But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy travelling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.

THIS IS THE  
LATEST ADVENTURE  
OF THE SPACEMICE!







# AN ANNUAL INSPECTION

It was a calm Monday on the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. There were no **cosmic** disturbances, no **alien invasions** in the galaxy, and no **UNKNOWN** planets on the horizon.

Basically, it was a stress-free day, which hadn't happened in **weeks**, **MONTHS**, or maybe even **years**! I was about to sit back in my command chair, kick up my paws, and put the spaceship on autopilot.

Then suddenly . . .

**BEEP! BEEEEEP!  
BEEEEEEP!**

What was that **annoying** noise?

I looked at the screen in front of me. My



**DIGITAL CALENDAR** had an urgent meeting on it. Galactic Gorgonzola, I had completely **forgotten!**

Oh, excuse me, I haven't introduced myself: My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I'm the captain of the *MouseStar 1*, the **most** fabumouse spaceship in the universe (though to be honest, my real dream is to be a writer!). Now, where was I? Oh, yes: According to my digital calendar, today was the *MouseStar 1*'s annual **MECHANICAL** inspection.



I was scheduled to tour the ship with our mechanic, Sally de Wrench. We would closely **examine** the motor room, the



boiler room, the garbage storage room, and a **zillion** other places.

*Stellar Swiss!* I was so **nervous** about the inspection that my fur was soaked with sweat. You probably think I was **afraid** the ship wouldn't pass the tests! But the real reason for my anxiety was Sally de Wrench. You see, she is the most **fascinating** mouse in the entire galaxy, and I have an **ENORMOUSE** crush on her! Every time I see her, my legs go as soft as cream cheese, my squeak gets stuck in my throat, and **my brain turns to Brie!**

As I was thinking about Sally, *MouseStar 1's* onboard computer, Hologramix, spoke up.

*"Sally de Wrench is waiting for you on the lower level!"*

I began to **TREMBLE** from the ends of



my whiskers to the tip of my tail. I tried to get out of my command chair, but my paws were heavier than wheels of aged Parmesan and my knees **WOBBLED** like sticks of string cheese.

Unfortunately, my cousin Trap was sitting next to me, **playing** space checkers against his computer.

“What’s up, Cuz?” he asked. “You seem **stuck!**”

“N-no, it’s nothing,”



Um...



Gulp...



Ack!





## AN ANNUAL INSPECTION

---

I stammered, my snout turning red with embarrassment. “I was just getting up.”

Trap took one look at me and **figured out** what was going on.

“Looks like someone is **afraid** to be alone with Sally, hmm?” he teased me.



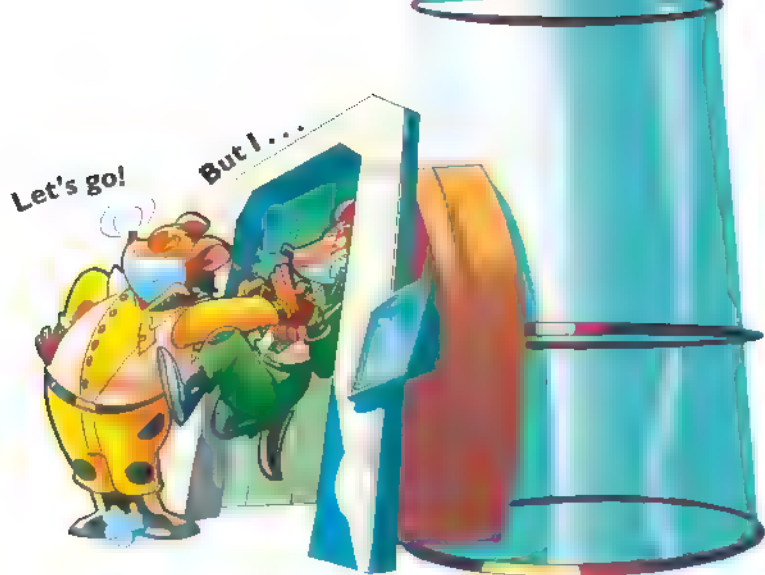


## SWEET AS HONEY ON CHEESE!

Trap **PUSHED** me toward the door of the command center.

“Cousin, you are as **sweet** on Sally as honey on cheese,” he said, shaking his snout. “But **luckily** I’m here to help you. Let’s go—you don’t want to keep her waiting!”

*Mousy meteorites!* Trap wanted to come with me for the inspection. I knew he would only make me feel even more **embarrassed**! But before I could protest, my cousin had grabbed me by the paw and pushed me into the **liftrix**, the special elevator that transports spacemice



from one floor of our spaceship to another.

As soon as I stepped into the liftrix, a jet of air whisked me down to the lower levels of the *MouseStar 1*.

"Ahhhh!" I squeaked, caught off guard.

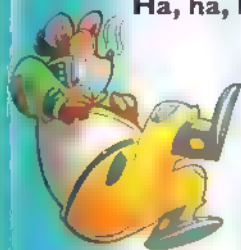
In one galactic second, I **tumbled** out of the glass tube and onto the floor of the lower level of the spaceship. I was about to get up, when . . .

**BAM!**

Trap **crashed** into me like an out-of-orbit meteorite!



Ha, ha, ha!



Aaaah!

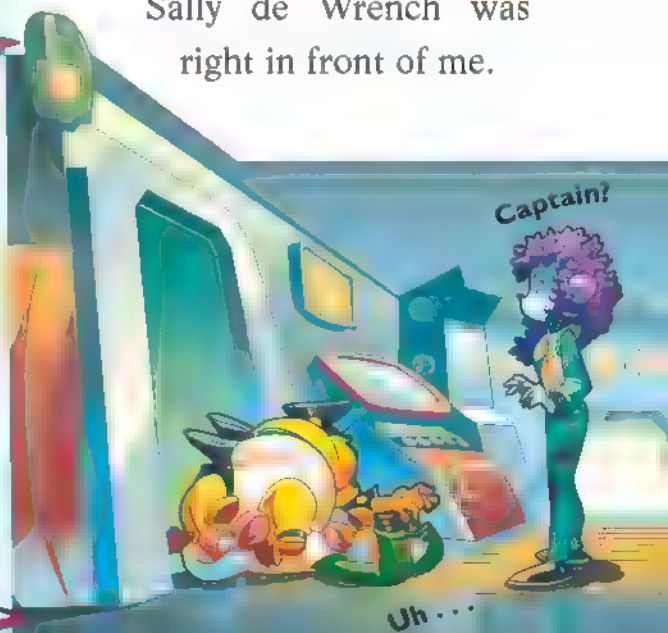


“**Whoops,**” my cousin squeaked. “Sorry, Geronimo!”

Before I could **GET OUT** from under him, I heard a sweet **female** voice.

“Are you okay, **CAPTAIN?**” the voice asked. “What happened?”

Sally de Wrench was right in front of me.







**Holey moon craters!** How embarrassing!

I got to my paws and tried to think of something *intelligent* to say. But as I stood there staring at Sally's big **blue** eyes, my thoughts vanished like **cheese** in a black hole!

Luckily, Trap came to my rescue.

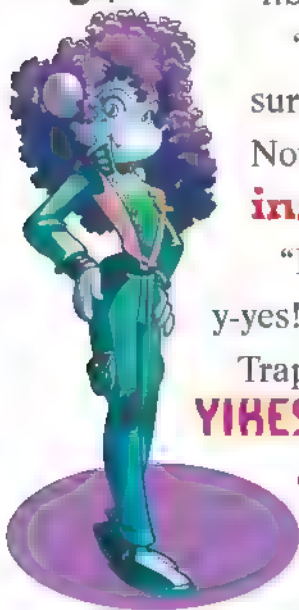
"A pressure problem inside the liftrix made us lose our **BALANCE!**" he fibbed.

Are you ready,  
Captain?

"Oh, my," Sally replied. "I'll be sure to take a look at that later. Now, are you ready to begin our **inspection**, Captain?"

"N-no," I stuttered. "I mean, y-yes!"

Trap **pinched** me on the tail. **YIKES!** I had to get my nerves under control!





I cleared my throat and did my best to sound **confident**.

“Yes, I’m ready!”

Trap patted me on the shoulder so **hard** I almost fell over again.

“Good,” he said with a wink. “I’ll head back to the **COMMAND CENTER**, then. See you later, Cuz!”

And so I **set out** on my inspection of the *MouseStar 1* with Sally as my guide. She explained all the **TECHNICAL** details to me as we toured the spaceship. Even though I’m the captain, I have to admit that I don’t have a **CLUE** about how the ship works! It’s a good thing Sally is such an **excellent** mechanic.

“Well, that’s **everything**, Captain!” Sally announced after we had completed our inspection of the craft’s **air FILTERS**.



I tried to think of something witty to **squeak** so that I'd get just a little more time **with** Sally, but my mind went completely **BLANK**.

"Um, er, e-e-everything seems to be okay!" I stuttered.

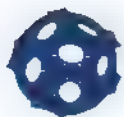
Sally *smiled*.

"If you need any further explanations, just let me know," she said kindly.

Then she shook my paw and walked off.

The touch of her paw made me turn **redder** than the planet Mars. Oh, I'm such a hopeless *romantic*!





## DON'T BE LATE!

As soon as I returned to the **command center**, Trap practically jumped on my tail.

"So, how did it go?" he asked.

"Well, Sally did **SHAKE** my paw," I said with a sigh. "But I couldn't think of anything intelligent to say!"

"When's the next inspection?" Trap asked.

"Not for another six months," I replied.

"But that's such a **LONG** time from now!" my cousin said with a **gasp**.

"That's the protocol," I said with a shrug. "And I'll have plenty of time to write my novel in the meantime."

Trap shook his head. Then he got a mischievous **gleam** in his eye. That look







meant only one thing: **trouble!**

“Wh-what is it?” I asked, suddenly very **worried**. My cousin always seems to come up with the most **IMPOSSIBLE** schemes!

“Geronimo, what do you say we have a nice dinner together tonight?” he asked **INNOCENTLY**.

“Thanks, but I’m very busy —” I began.

“Come on!” he said, cutting me off. “We can have a **FONDUE FEAST!** We never spend any quality time together.”

Hmm. I considered his proposal. The *MouseStar 1*’s chef, Squizzy, does make **delicious** fondue.

“Oh, all right,” I said. “You convinced me! After all, it’s easier to write on a **full stomach.**”

“Meet me at eight at the Space Yum Café,” Trap ordered. “And don’t be late!”





I headed back to my room to get ready. As soon as I opened the door, my personal assistant robot, **ASSISTATRIX**, grabbed me, lifted me up, and dropped me in my *SparkleMousix* shower pod.

**"HELP!"** I squeaked. "Let me go!"

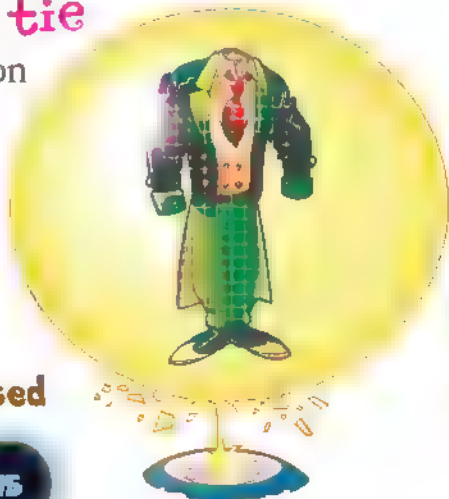
But Assistatrix **ignored** me. A moment later, my fur was being scrubbed, rinsed, and dried.

Then it was time to get **dressed**.

"Captain, I suggest you wear a **dinner jacket** and your **tie** with the **galaxies** on it," Assistatrix said.

"Dinner jacket?!" I protested. "But I'm not going to an interstellar gala!"

"Your cousin **advised**





First the SparkleMousix...

me to dress you  
**elegantly!**"

Assistatrix said.

"But you're *my* personal assistant robot, not Trap's," I replied. "You're supposed to do what I —"

Before I could finish my sentence, though, Assistatrix had slipped the suit over my head and sprayed

me in a cloud of **COSMIC  
CHEDDAR  
COLOGNE!**

then the clothes...



and, finally, the cologne!



Then it nudged me out of my room with a firm **shove**.

"Hurry, Captain," it yelled. "You're already late!"

I looked around, hoping to catch an **astrofard** to the Space Yum Café.

Then I heard a little voice behind me. "**UNCLE G!** You look so elegant!"

It was my sweet nephew **Benjamin** and his friend **Bugsy Wugsy!**

"Hi!" I greeted them. "I'm meeting Trap for dinner."

The mouselets began to giggle. It was almost as if they knew something I didn't.

"Yes, he told us!" Bugsy squeaked.

"Actually, could you bring him these?" Benjamin added,







handing me a box of **Gorgonzola chocolates**.

"But why?" I asked, confused.

"Um, he forgot them in the command room," Bugsy explained.

"**Hurry**, Uncle," Benjamin squeaked.  
"You don't want to make, um, *Trap* wait!"

Bugsy Wugsy and Benjamin burst into **giggles** again. What was so funny?

When I arrived at the **Space Yum Café**, Squizzy greeted me at the entrance.

"Welcome, **Captain!**" he said. "Your cousin Trap told me to inform you that he will arrive in a moment. Meanwhile, please come this way!"

Squizzy led me to a private room in the back of the restaurant. A giant **WINDOW** offered a breathtaking view of the **galaxy**.

"Are you sure this is our table?" I asked, stunned. It seemed a little too **fancy**



for a quick bite with Trap.

“Of course, Captain!” Squizzy answered, **lighting** a candle on the table.

**Stellar Swiss!** A candle? What was going on?





# A DATE IN SPACE!

A moment later, I heard a **sound**. I turned to see . . . Sally de Wrench!

My paws began to sweat and my tail **twisted** into a knot. She looked extraordinary! Her long evening gown **SHINERED** in the galaxy light, and her eyes **SPARKLED** like stars.

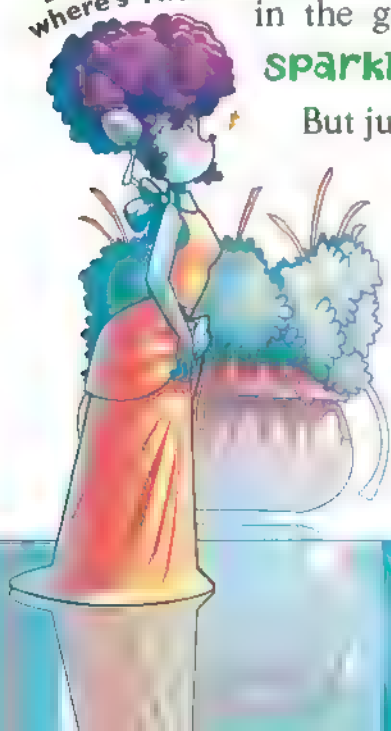
But . . .  
where's Thea?

But just a minute! What was she doing here?!

We **LOOKED** at each other in silence for a second. Then we both **squeaked** at once:

"But . . . where's Trap?"

"But . . . where's Thea?"





Then I understood: My **SNEaky** cousin Trap had led me to believe we were going to dinner together. But he had arranged for me to have dinner with **Sally** instead. That's why I was so **dressed up**!

And my sister, Thea, must have done the same thing to **SALLY**!





## A DATE IN SPACE!

“So that’s why Thea insisted I look *elegant*,” Sally said as she sat down at the table with me.

And that’s why Benjamin had given me the Gorgonzola chocolates: It was a **present** for Sally! With my heart *pounding*, I handed her the box.

“A s-small gift for you,” I stuttered.

She smiled at me, and I turned **BRIGHT RED!**

“Thank you!” she said. “You’re quite a **gentlemouse**, Captain!”

I *melted* like fondue when I heard the compliment.

“This is a really beautiful view, isn’t it?” I asked, trying to keep my whiskers from **SHAKING** as I squeaked.

“Yes,” Sally agreed, smiling *kindly*. “Trap and Thea certainly went out of their way

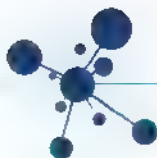


to organize a really **mouserific** evening for us!”

A moment later, *Squizzly* arrived with our menus.







## SPLATTT!

After a few moments of **awkward** silence, Sally got the conversation going.

“So, what do you like to do best, Captain?” she asked.

“Er—well, to tell you the truth, my real passion is **writing**,” I admitted.

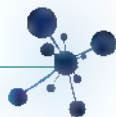
“Wow!” Sally exclaimed. “I had no idea. What are you working on?”

“It’s a **NOVEL** called —”

But before I could finish my sentence . . .

## SPLATTT!

Something **slimy** and **sludgy** splattered against the window of the dining room! I decided to ignore it. I wouldn’t let that goopy slime interfere with my **romantic** dinner!



“As I was saying,” I continued. “I’m writing a novel about spacemice. I’m still on the first chapter—”

**Ding! splash! Glop!**

Sally and I turned toward the window. Hundreds of objects in all shapes and sizes were *speeding* straight toward the *MouseStar 1!*

A moment later, Hologramix **appeared** in the air in front of us.

**“YELLOW ALERT! YELLOW ALERT! YELLOW ALERT!”**

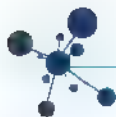
Hologramix shouted.

Martian mozzarella! A yellow alert? That meant there was a real *emergency*. We were in *danger*!

“Our spaceship is passing through a *galaxy cluster* of unidentified objects,”







Hologramix explained. “Captain, get to the **control room** right away!”



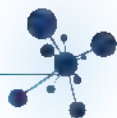
How unlucky! A **yellow alert** right in the middle of my dinner with Sally!

“I’m sorry, Sally,” I said with a sigh. “But I really have to go.”

“Don’t **worry**, Captain,” she replied quickly. “I’m happy to come with you! I’ll help you figure out what those objects are.”

We hopped in an astrotaxi and **zoomed** toward the command center. When we stepped into the room, everyone turned to **look at us**.

Trap and Thea winked at me, Benjamin and Buggy Wuggy giggled under their whiskers, and Grandfather William looked



**ANGRIER** than a cosmocat with space fleas!

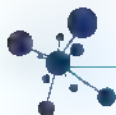
“What took you so **long**, Grandson?” my grandfather grumbled. “And look how you’re **dressed**. Don’t tell me that you were at a **fancy** gala while our spaceship is splashing through a sea of space junk!”

“Um, hello, Grandfather!” I replied, not sure what else I should say.

“Why aren’t you ever at your post when







there's an **EMERGENCY?**" he continued to berate me.

"Don't be **angry**, sir," Sally intervened. "Your grandson was at dinner with me."

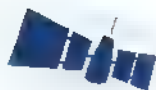
Suddenly, my grandfather changed his **attitude**.

"Oh, excuse me!" he replied. "Well, everyone deserves a night off every now and then, right?"

**Incredible!** Sally had managed to defend me successfully to my grandfather!

"Of course," Sally agreed. "Now, let's get to more important issues: Did you say something earlier about **SPACE JUNK?**"

"Yes!" Grandfather replied. "Space junk is **HITTING** us at top speeds!"



## WATCH OUT: JUNK AHEAD!

**Space junk?** What was my grandfather talking about?

“Space junk is a conglomeration of many unwanted objects that are floating through space,” explained Professor Greenfur, *MouseStar 1*’s resident scientist.

Sally **NODDED** in agreement and squeaked, “I think I saw a piece of an old motor!”

But **Robotix**, the ship’s know-it-all multipurpose robot, corrected her.





"To be precise, it was a piece of an **INTERSTELLAR WAVE** antenna," he said.

"Are we in danger?" I asked. I was **worried** about my ship and its crew.

It could  
take weeks!

"Not if we remain **STILL**," Thea explained. "That's why I already turned off the motors. But if we start up the ship again, a piece of metal could **DAMAGE** the external hull!"

"Well, what do we do **now**?" Trap asked impatiently. "Wait until the junk floats away?"

"Yes, but that could take days, or even weeks!"

**Professor Greenfur**

replied.





**Solar Smoked Gouda!** We had to come up with another solution.

Suddenly, I remembered something I'd seen during the inspection that morning.

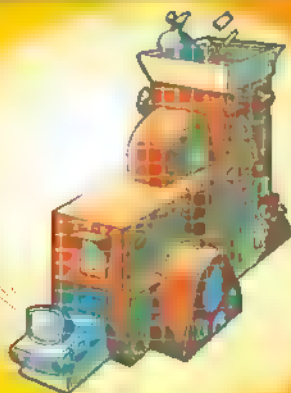
"We could collect the garbage and recycle it using the **Stellar Garbage Sortrix**," I suggested.

"That's a great idea!" Benjamin exclaimed. "We learned all about recycling in school."

## From the Encyclopedia Galactica

### STELLAR GARBAGE SORTRIX

A superstellar piece of machinery that can analyze, break down, and recycle garbage and waste. The Stellar Garbage Sortrix then uses the recycled materials to create small objects for use in daily life.





Instead of **throwing** all the garbage out, the Sortrix will divide it up based on the material it's made of. Then it can be broken down and turned into **new objects**."

Professor Greenfur did some **calculations**. "We should be able to clean everything up and get *moving* again in about three galactic hours!"

Everyone cheered.

"Well done, Grandson," my grandfather said, a look of **surprise** on his snout. "I knew there was a reason I appointed you **captain** of this spaceship!"

I couldn't believe it. Was Grandfather really **complimenting** me? That only happened once in a **blue-cheese** moon.

"Um, wow! Thanks," I replied, still stunned.

But then Grandfather continued. "Since



you had such a **great** idea, Geronimo, I elect you to be the official space junk collector!”

**Ah. I knew it was too good to be true!**

“Come on, Cuz,” Trap said confidently. “I’ll come with you! A bit of **exercise** will be good for us!”

“But I suffer from terrible **space sickness** whenever I go on a space walk!” I squeaked in **protest**.

“Aw, you’ll be fine,” Trap replied.

There was nothing I could do. A few moments later, I was wearing a spacesuit and headed off into the cosmos to pick up the **trash**!

Soon I heard Sally’s voice through a microphone in my helmet.

“When you’re ready, I’ll activate the **VACUUM**,” she explained. “You’ll use it to





**suck up** all the space junk.”

“*Ready!*” Trap squeaked immediately.

I was still trying to figure out how my spacesuit worked, but it was **too late**.

The vacuum was already on, and the tube had **wrapped** itself around me!

“Grab the handle, Geronimo!” Trap yelled.

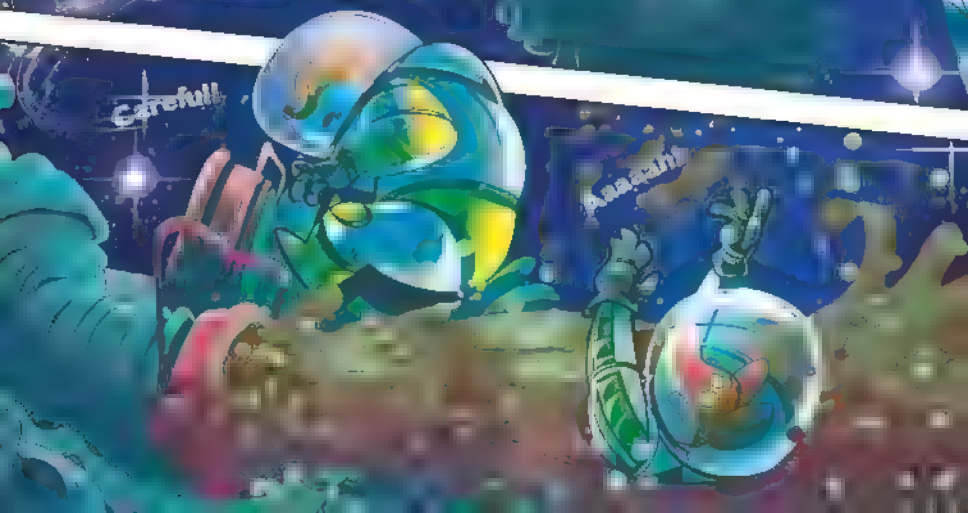
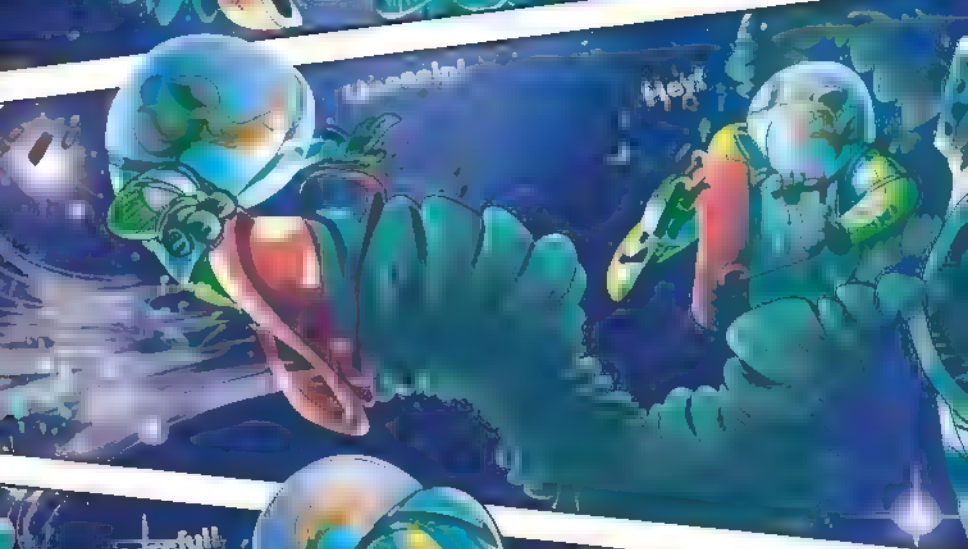
**Handle?** I reached out and tried to **AIM** the tube toward a mass of garbage. But my paw ended up at the mouth of the tube instead, and I was nearly sucked inside.

“Trap, heeeeeeelp!” I squeaked in **terror**.

**Luckily**, he quickly came to my rescue.

Then a piece of trash got stuck in the tube and Sally had to reverse the flow to get it out. But I didn’t move in time—and I was **blasted** with a spray of liquid garbage.

**Mousey meteorites**, what a day!





## WHOSE TRASH IS IT?

Once we had successfully vacuumed up all the trash, Trap and I **RETURNED** to the command center.

“Great work, team!” Thea cheered. Then she turned the *MouseStar 1*’s **motors** back on and we began moving again.

“I wonder where all that **trash** came from,” Professor Greenfur mused.

“Well, if you had ever thought to ask your resident robot genius for help, you might know the answer,” Robotix replied in a very **ANNOYED** tone. “But no. Instead you rely on that digital fur-faced **illusion** that appears and disappears whenever it wants!”

Sure enough, in an instant, Hologramix **appeared**.



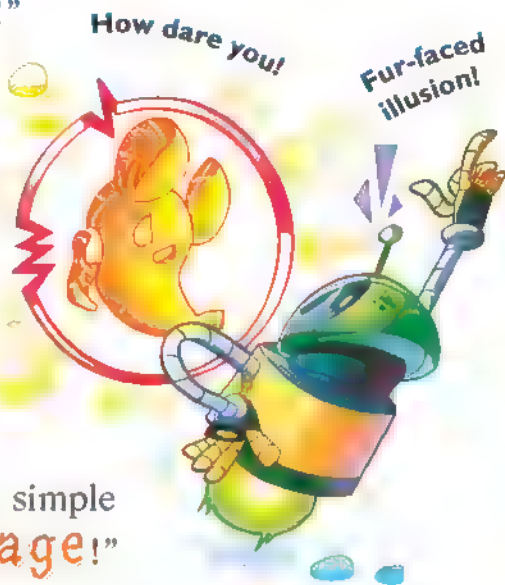
“How dare you!”  
the computer  
countered. “I  
resolve seven  
hundred forty-  
nine queries  
every second!”

“And yet  
you don’t know  
how to identify a simple  
piece of **garbage!**”  
Robotix replied in a huff.

Somehow, Trap managed to **calm** the  
two of them. They never missed a chance to  
fight about which one was a more developed  
form of **artificial intelligence**.

Once they had stopped **arguing**, I took  
Robotix’s bait.

“Robotix, do you know where the space





junk came from?" I asked.

The robot looked at me with **satisfaction**.

"Of course!" he replied. "The trash is from Planet Cleanix, Captain! It's easy to figure it out: Just look at the pieces of **metal** out there."

"Huh?" I asked, confused. Robotix just sighed and shook his head.

"My memory bank contains a list of all the robotics that have ever been produced in this **Galaxy**," Robotix explained. "And these pieces **come** from Cleanix!"

"So all the trash must be from Cleanix," Trap concluded. "**stellar swiss**, what littermice!"

"It's true," Professor Greenfur confirmed a moment later. "I calculated the *trajectory* of the garbage, and the planet Cleanix is located right in this part of the



galaxy, so it all makes sense!”

“Okay, we now know Cleanix has a **garbage-disposal** problem,” I said with a yawn. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I really need to get some **sleep**. It’s very late and I’m so **tired**. And tomorrow —”

“Tomorrow we head to **Cleanix!**” Grandfather William interrupted. “This galaxy belongs to all of us, and everyone must work together to keep it **CLEAN**.”

“Of course,” I agreed. “But we already cleaned up the mess ourselves.”

“That doesn’t matter!” Grandfather explained. “It is our **DUTY** to understand what’s happening there. Maybe they could use our **HELP**. Isn’t that right, Captain?”

“Y-yes, of course,” I said quickly.

Sally agreed as well.

“It’s true,” she said. “That floating garbage





## WHOSE TRASH IS IT?

---

could be really **DANGEROUS** for other spaceships! We need

*Next stop: the planet Cleanix!*

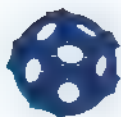
to do something about it right away.”

Our **mission** was clear.

“Spacemice, tomorrow morning, we leave for

**Cleanix!**”





## SPARKLY CLEAN SPARKLINA

At seven the next morning, the whole *MouseStar 1* crew was in the command center and ready to *go*.

I cleared my throat.

"Thea, are all systems ready?"

"**Yes, Captain!**" my sister replied.

"Then let's head toward Cleanix at  I ordered.

When we neared the planet, Thea slowed down the ship so that she could maneuver around large **heaps** of garbage that were floating in space.

Suddenly, Benjamin pointed at something outside the spaceship.



“Look, Uncle!” he squeaked. “You can see Cleanix. Doesn’t it look **ODD**?”

I peeked out the enormous command center window. Sure enough, the planet was straight ahead of us. Half of it was unusually **bright and sparkly**, while the other half was wrapped in a **GREENISH FOG**.



“How strange!” I agreed.

“Hologramix, what do you know about this planet and its inhabitants?”

The computer responded instantly: “Half the planet is populated by Cleanix aliens, while the other half is **uninhabited**. Cleanix aliens are known for **their** excellent manners and extreme cleanliness.”





I breathed a **Sigh** of relief. Maybe we would finally have a **peaceful** mission!

“We have reached the **safety** distance from the planet,” Thea announced. “The landing ship is **P R E P A R E D**, and I’ve alerted the Cleanix aliens to our arrival.”

“Great work!” I exclaimed. “Trap and Thea, put on your spacesuits and get ready for our **MISSION!**”

I felt a tug at my sleeve, and I looked down into the **wide** eyes of my sweet nephew.

“Uncle, can we come, too?” he asked. “We learned all about the capital of Cleanix in school. **Sparklina** is a very high-tech city, and we would really **love** to see it!”

I looked at Benjamin and Bugsy. They were so **excited**! And it did seem like it would be a pretty **safe** excursion.

“Okay,” I replied. “But you have to



**promise** you'll stay near us the entire time. Agreed?"

**"Of course, uncle G!"** they replied in unison.

"Then I guess we're all ready to —"

I was interrupted by a **METALLIC** voice:

"Captain, you aren't forgetting about me, are you?"

I turned to see Robotix glaring at me as **smoke** billowed out of his air vents.

**Galactic Gorgonzola!** He was furious.

"I'm the one who told you where the trash was coming from," he reminded me.

"So I **insist** that I come on this mission!"

"Um, yes, of course, Robotix," I reassured him. "You'll come, too!"

So we all boarded the space pod, our small landing ship, and headed for **Sparklina!**



## How EMBARRASSING!

Sparklina was a truly **FANTASTIC** city. There were tall, shiny towers; superclean streets; and large, colorful signs everywhere. Everything **shimmered**. Honestly, it was all a bit much for my taste. I wished I had remembered to wear my **sunglasses!**

We flew over the city and then headed to the spaceport. A delegation of Cleanix aliens were waiting there to meet us. They had put out a **velvet carpet** for us, and there was a **Floating** table filled with delectable **space treats!**

As soon as we landed, a tall, elegantly dressed **alien** approached us. He smelled strongly of my **favorite** cologne: Cheesy Moon Craters No. 5.



There are the Cleanix aliens!

What a welcome!







## HOW EMBARRASSING!

"I am the emperor, **Samuel Sparkle**," he introduced himself. "Welcome to Cleanix, dear friends!"

I was a bit **embarrassed** by all the splendor, but I tried to assume a tone that was appropriate for the occasion.

"We spacemice are pleased to meet you," I replied. "Thank you for the warm welcome! I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, the captain of

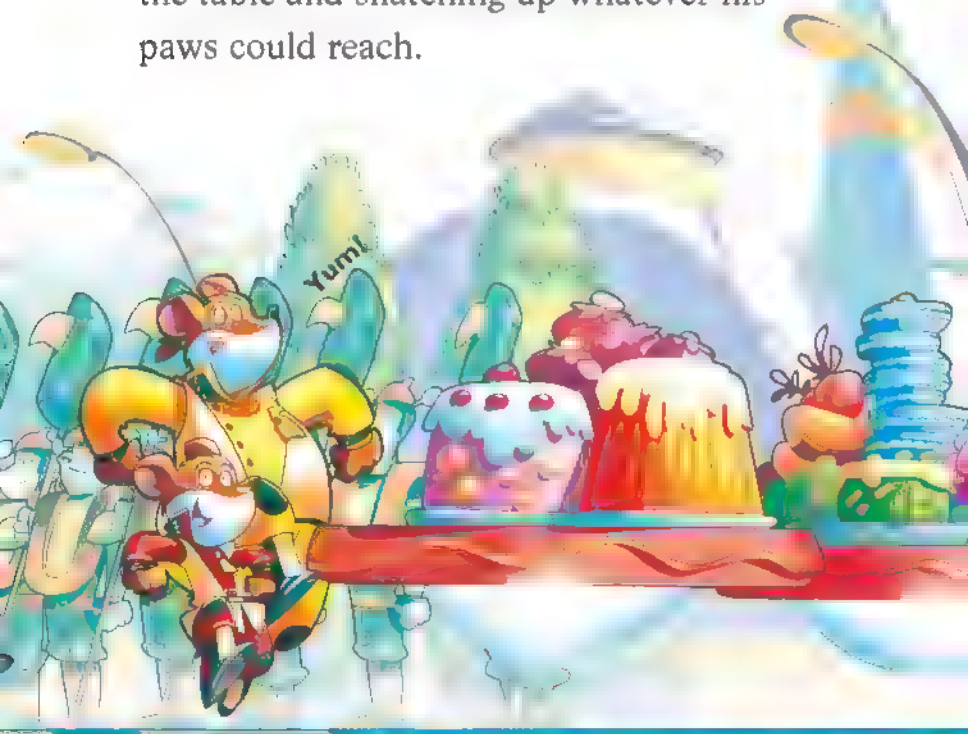




the *MouseStar 1*.”

“Psst, Geronimo!” Trap whispered in my ear. “While you’re handling the pleasantries, we’re going to go **nibble** on some snacks, okay?”

I didn’t have a chance to respond because my cousin was already **dashing** toward the table and snatching up whatever his paws could reach.





I was so embarrassed, I turned as **red** as the planet Mars!

“Umm . . . y-you must, er, excuse them,” I explained sheepishly. “It’s been a **long** trip.”

The emperor smiled. “No problem!” he replied. “But tell me, **what** brings you here?”

Thea stepped forward. “During our galactic travels, we drove right into a stream of **GARBAGE** that almost damaged our spaceship,” she explained. “The garbage seemed to be coming from your planet. Do you know anything about this?”

The emperor lost his **sparkling** smile immediately.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he replied **dryly**. “**Sparklina** is the cleanest and most orderly city in the entire galaxy!”

**BLACK HOLEY GALAXIES!** We had



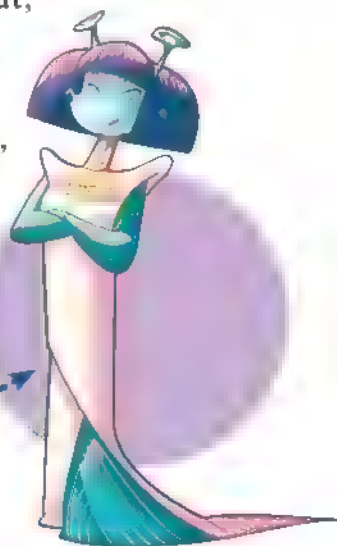
irritated him. I tried to be a bit more diplomatic than Thea had been.

“Please excuse us,” I explained. “We didn’t mean to question your **cleanliness**! We’re just trying to understand where the garbage is coming from.”

The emperor’s **sour** expression didn’t change.

“Um, when we arrived, **we** also noticed that half your planet is surrounded by a **greenish** fog,” I pointed out, trying again. “Is everything **okay** on Cleanix?”

“That half is uninhabitable!” **Emperor Sparkle** replied quickly. “Don’t worry about it! Now, my daughter, **SHIMMER**, will show you around our city.”





## HOW EMBARRASSING!

At that moment, a very elegant alien stepped forward. Even Trap stopped *snacking* for a moment to say hello.

"It would be an *honor* to show you around our fair city," Shimmer said smoothly. "Please **FOLLOW** me and we can start the tour right away!"

"We're coming," my cousin Trap replied quickly, his snout **stuffed** with food.  
**How rude!**

But Shimmer wasn't insulted. Instead, she looked **amused**!

"Farewell, spacemice," the emperor said. "I will be happy to meet with you again after your tour. **But one bit of advice:** Don't waste your time thinking about garbage. Why don't you concentrate on shopping for some **NEW SPACESUITS**? You could use them!"

I looked at my spacesuit, **confused**. Sure,



it was a little bit worn, but it was still totally functional. Plus I really liked it!

Meanwhile, at the emperor's signal, a **ROBOT** had immediately started vacuuming up the dirt on the carpet—and all the leftover food on the table!

“Uncle, they threw **everything** away!” Benjamin exclaimed in surprise.

What a waste!

WHOOOOSH







# SUPERSHINY, SUPERSPARKLY, SUPERCLEAN!

The tour of **Sparklina** began on a long street that crossed the whole city. It was decorated with all kinds of **monuments**.

“Farther down this street you can admire the statue of my grandfather, Reginald Shiny,” Shimmer told us.

As I studied the sparkly statue—which was decorated with **DIAMONDS** and other precious stones—I thought I saw a small, very **Dirty**, and very **rusty** robot dart around a corner.

**GALACTIC GORGONZOLA!** How was that possible? Everything on **Cleanix**



seemed to be brand-new.

I was about to follow the robot when Trap distracted me.

“G, I can’t take it anymore!” he whined. “These statues are so **boring**. They’re all the same!”

“**Sshhh!**” I whispered under my whiskers. “Have a little more *patience* . . .”





## SUPERSHINY, SUPERSPARKLY, SUPERCLEAN!

Unfortunately, Shimmer had heard him, but strangely, she didn't get mad. She actually started to **laugh!**

"Trap is right. That's enough of these boring statues!" she said. "I just had an idea: I'll take you to a place that's much more **fun!**"

"Sounds great!" Trap cheered.

A few minutes later, we found ourselves in front of a **supertall, supershiny, SUPERSPARKLY,** and obviously **superclean** building!

Shimmer led us to the entrance.

"Welcome to the Cosmic Mega Mall," she said proudly. "It's the **largest** shopping mall in the universe. You can find products from every corner of the galaxy."

**Martian mozzarella!** That place wasn't just big—it was **immense!**



There were luxury stores everywhere. Extremely *elegant* Cleanix aliens were coming and going, their bags filled with clothes, food, and objects of all kinds.

“But what are they going to do with all this **STUFF**?” Trap asked, stunned.

“The Cleanix people like constantly changing our clothes, furniture, computers, and spaceships,” she explained. “We love everything **NEW!**”

“But what do you do with the *old* objects?”

“We throw them away,” Shimmer replied simply. “We aren’t **INTERESTED** in things once they are used.”

As Shimmer spoke, I watched an alien *leaving* one store with tons of bags. She stopped to take off her jacket—and she **threw** it into a floating trash can, and then put on a new jacket she had just bought!



You can buy everything here!

Now... it's enormous!





**SUPERSHINY, SUPERSPARKLY, SUPERCLEAN!**

Only then did I **notice** that the shopping mall was full of floating trash cans and **garbage robots** that were gathering everything the Cleanix aliens were throwing away.

I was pretty sure I had an idea where all that **trash** ended up. But when I turned to ask Shimmer, she was dragging Trap toward a custom-made clothing boutique.

"You'll look so great in something **COLORFUL** and **NEW!**" Shimmer told my cousin.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and Buggy Wugsy had spotted a **VIDEO GAME** store.

"See you later, Uncle G!" they called with a wave as they raced toward it.

I looked around for **Thea** and saw her entering a gigantic vehicle shop to look at the latest spaceship models.

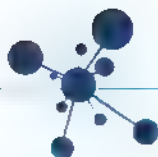




It seemed as if everyone had abandoned me. Even Robotix was in a robot accessories store! I could see him **ARGUING** with a shop clerk about something.

I was on my own. *What should I do?* I thought. I looked at the hologram **map** of the mall. My eyes lit up when I saw that there was a bookstore on the seventh floor.

**Mousy meteorites!** I had to get there right away!



## SOMETHING STINKS . . .

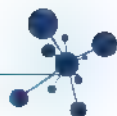
I went **up** a series of escalators floor by floor (luckily there was no liftrix on Cleanix!). I was almost at the seventh floor when, through a **shopwindow**, I noticed something flying around outside.

As I wondered what it was . . .

**BaNe!**

I found myself lying on the floor in pain. While I had been busy looking out the window, the escalator had come to an **end!**

As I got back to my paws, I spotted a *small, dirty*, **RUSTY** robot dart behind a trash can. It was the same one I had seen earlier on the city's main street!



The robot tried to zoom away, but I quickly **grabbed** him.

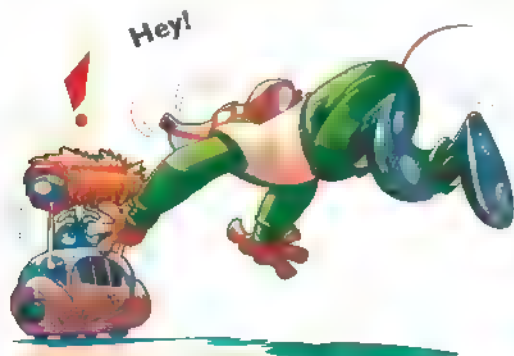
“Who are you?” I asked. “You’re **different** from the other robots around here.”

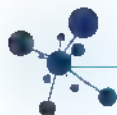
The robot looked **around** suspiciously.

“I’m a spy!” he said. “I’m **following you** to figure out if you’re a friend or an enemy!”

“Enemy?” I asked **NERVOUSLY**. “Whose enemy?”

“You might be an enemy of the **rebel robots** who have been thrown away like garbage!” the creature said proudly. “We’re preparing





for an invasion. We want the Cleanix aliens to understand that they can't just **toss us** aside."

"What do you mean?" I asked, very curious.

"First they sent all the robots they didn't want anymore to the other half of the planet," he explained. "Now they've started launching us into space with their **Galactic Garbage Shooter!**"

"Galactic what?" I asked, perplexed.

"If you go to the **top floor** —"

But before the spy robot could finish his sentence, one of the garbage robots approached.

"**Class Z** robot trash detected," the garbage robot said in a **metallic** voice. "Vacuum immediately!"

Then he vacuumed up the little robot



before turning to face me.

“Contamination detected!” the robot said. “Begin *disinfecting!*”

I didn't have time to move a paw before I was covered from ears to tail in white *foam*. A second later, a stream of **HOT** air dried me off.

“Have a good day, sir!” the robot said when the cleaning was complete.

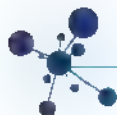
Disinfecting!



Have a good day!

Gulp!





**Stinky space cheese**, what was that about?

First the dusty little **spy robot**, then the garbage robot with his **Vacuuming** and **Disinfecting** devices . . . something strange was going on!

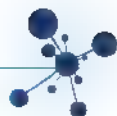
Suddenly, I remembered what the spy robot had told me before he was vacuumed up:

“If you go to the top floor . . .”

So I went to the top of the building, where I found a panoramic terrace with a **beautiful** view of the entire city.

Initially, I didn't notice anything **strange** at all. But then I looked through one of the telescopes mounted around the edge of the roof. What I saw made me jump back in shock. In the distance, an enormous catapult was **shooting** mounds of objects





into orbit. It was the **Galactic Garbage Shooter** the spy robot had been taking about!

**Black HOLEY GALAXIES!** It was true! The Cleanix aliens launched their garbage into space!

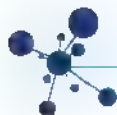


I had to return immediately to the others to tell them what I had **discovered!** When I arrived back on the ground floor, the first one I found was Robotix.

“Captain!” he greeted me. “Look at my **NEW** antenna! I had to negotiate for a while, but —”

“Yes, yes, that’s very nice,” I interrupted. “Have you seen the others? It’s **important!**”





At that moment, Thea **popped** out of the store she had been in.

"I'm right here, G!" she called excitedly.

"I just bought a supercomfortable space scooter. It's parked right outside . . ."

"Okay, okay," I replied quickly. "But where are Benjamin and Bugsy?"

"Uncle!" squeaked a small voice behind me. "Look what we **WON!**"

The two mouselets showed me a copy of the latest popular **VIDEO GAME.**

"Great," I said. "Now, where's Trap?"

**"HERE I AM,** Cuz!" my cousin shouted. "So, how do I look?"





I turned around and saw Trap dressed in a new **sparkly gold** spacesuit.

“Terrific,” I replied. “Do you know where **SHIMMER** is?”

“Oh, she went to buy some new shoes,” Trap explained. “She was wearing a pair she got yesterday, but she thinks the **STYLES** have changed already.”

I was **RELIEVED** to hear that the emperor’s daughter was **busy** somewhere else. I turned to my friends and lowered my voice. Then I told them about my **encounter** with the spy robot and about what I had **seen** from the top floor of the building.

“This story **stinks!**” Thea exclaimed when I had finished. “And it’s not just because it’s about **garbage**! The emperor didn’t tell us the **TRUTH** when we asked. I wonder what else he’s hiding!”



## AN UNAUTHORIZED EXPEDITION

Thea and I had just made a plan to do some investigating when Shimmer **returned** with four new pairs of shoes. Everyone showed her their purchases.

"I knew you'd **like** it here!" she said, smiling brightly. "No one can resist the allure of the shopping mall! But now we need to return to the imperial palace. My father will be **UPSET** if we're late."

Thea and I exchanged a glance. We had to **slip away**! Suddenly, I had an idea.

"Speaking of your dad, uh, I'm a little **embarrassed** about these clothes," I told Shimmer, gesturing toward my



**crumpled** spacesuit. “I’d love to buy a new outfit before we head back.”

“Of course, Captain!” she quickly agreed. “I didn’t want to *offend* you, but that spacesuit you’re wearing belongs in the **trash**! Come on, I know a great store —”

“No, **no**,” Thea quickly intervened. “I’ll go with him because, uh, I know what he likes!”

“And these two mouselings and I didn’t get a chance to stop at the **CANDY** shop,” Trap added. “Would you come with us, Shimmer?”

“Definitely!” she said. “As long as we don’t take too long, we’ll get back to the palace **on time**. Let’s meet back here in a bit. **HAPPY SHOPPING!**”

Happy shopping!





As soon as Shimmer was out of sight, Thea and I *headed* toward the spaceport, where our space pod was parked.

Before we could reach our ship, though, an alien from the *imperial guard* stepped in front of us.

“Hold it right there, spacemice!” the guard ordered. “You cannot use your spaceship without the emperor’s authorization.”



*HOLEY SPACE SWISS!*

Now what?

But Thea was prepared. She put on a friendly *smile*.

“Won’t you please help us?” she asked sweetly. “We just need to



run back up to the *MouseStar 1* to get the rest of our crew. This mall is **So wonderful**, we wanted to give our friends a chance to experience it for themselves.”

“I’m sorry, but I cannot let you pass,” the guard responded **SEVERELY**. “Emperor’s orders.”

“I don’t think the emperor would be happy if he knew that you **refused** friendly guests the right to go shopping,” Thea said slyly. “We had heard that the hospitality on Cleanix was the best in the entire **universe**. But it turns out that’s not true. How **disappointing!**”

The guard looked flustered.

“Oh, well . . . I . . . umm . . .” he mumbled. After a moment of **hesitation**, he finally stepped aside.

“Go ahead,” he said quickly.



We scooted past him immediately, thrilled at our **GOOD LUCK**.

“Way to go, Thea!” I said as we hopped into the space pod.

Thea immediately pointed our spacecraft toward the part of the planet surrounded by **GREEN FOG**. We saw black mountains and dark gray clouds on the horizon.

What an **UGLY** landscape. We were flying over an enormous garbage **dump**! Trash was piled up as far as the eye could see. There were scraps of





metal, computers, clothes, furniture, robots, spaceships, and more.

“It’s so sad,” Thea said, shaking her snout. “How could they do this to their planet?”

Suddenly, I noticed some **MOVEMENT** under one of the heaps of trash.

“Thea, use the **ZOOM** scope on that patch of garbage!” I said, pointing to the spot below us.







We were shocked by what appeared on the **SCREEN**. Hundreds of discarded robots were **emerging** from the trash!

“What’s going on?” Thea asked. “It looks like the trash is coming to **life!**”

I remembered the spy robot’s words: “We’re preparing for an invasion . . .”

**Galactic Gorgonzola!** This wasn’t good.

“Thea, I’m afraid these rebel robots are about to invade Sparklina,” I said, worried. I quickly reminded her of what the **SPY** robot had told me back at the shopping mall.

“Oh no!” Thea cried. “The Cleanix aliens haven’t treated those discarded robots—or their planet—very well. But there has to be another **solution**. We need to warn the emperor about their plan to **invade** Sparklina!”



## STOP RIGHT THERE, SPACEMICE!

With our motors at *full speed*, we headed back to Sparklina. But as *soon* as we got out of our space pod, a member of the imperial guard intercepted us.

“Spacemice, you are *under arrest* by order of the emperor,” he said *harshly*. “You flew your spacecraft over the **PROHIBITED** area!”

“*U-nder a-arrest?*” I stuttered. “But we have *extremely* important information to —”

“Silence!” the guard ordered. “Now follow me to the imperial palace!”

**STINKY SPACE CHEESE!**

This was just what we needed!



## STOP RIGHT THERE, SPACEMICE!

We've been imprisoned!



As we followed the guard, I carefully activated my **wrist communicator** and called Trap.

"Cousin, we've been arrested!" I whispered so the guard couldn't hear. "Where are you?"

He responded immediately.

"We're **imprisoned** in the emperor's palace," he explained **quickly**. "He found out that you took the space pod to **SNOOP** on the other side of the planet, and he came after us!"

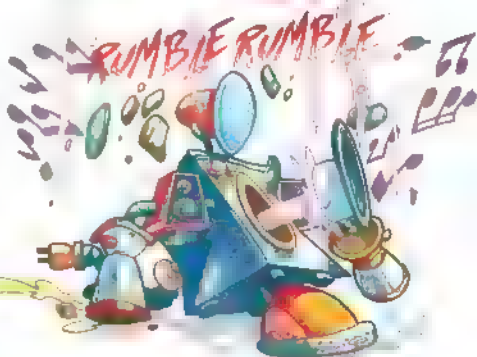
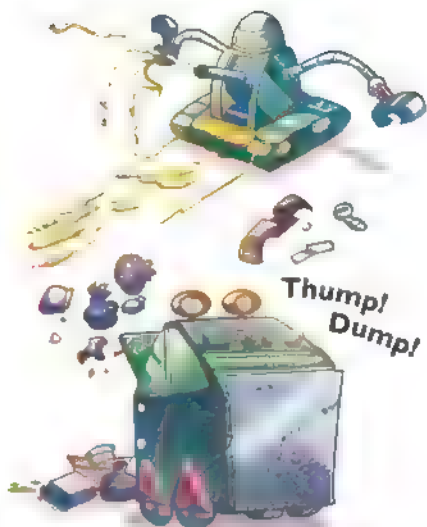
"We found a bunch of discarded **rebellious robots**," I told Trap. "We think they're about to **invade** Sparklina and —"

I was interrupted by sudden **shouts**. I turned and saw some **Cleanix** aliens running at top speed.

The rebel robots had already entered the city!

In the distance, I saw a **rusted** robot squirting **oil** on buildings. A bit farther off, an old **garbage truck** was pouring its contents out onto the street and sidewalks. Another robot made out of **HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES** was blaring music that was so loud and **high-pitched**, it was breaking

Squirt!





windows all around us!

Suddenly, a *shadow* fell over me. I turned and saw an enormous rebel robot made of **MACHINE** parts moving toward me threateningly.

**Shooting stars!** I was in trouble!

A moment before I was crushed by the robot, Thea pulled me out of the way.

I was **TREMBLING** from the ends of my whiskers to the tip of my tail. I had almost **lost my fur!**

“Thanks, Thea!” I gasped. “Just one astrosecond later and I would have been as flat as a fur-covered flying saucer!”

“No problem, G!” she said with a **wink**. “Where did the guard go?”

“He ran,” I explained. “He must have been **scared!**”

“Well, that’s *good news* for us,” Thea



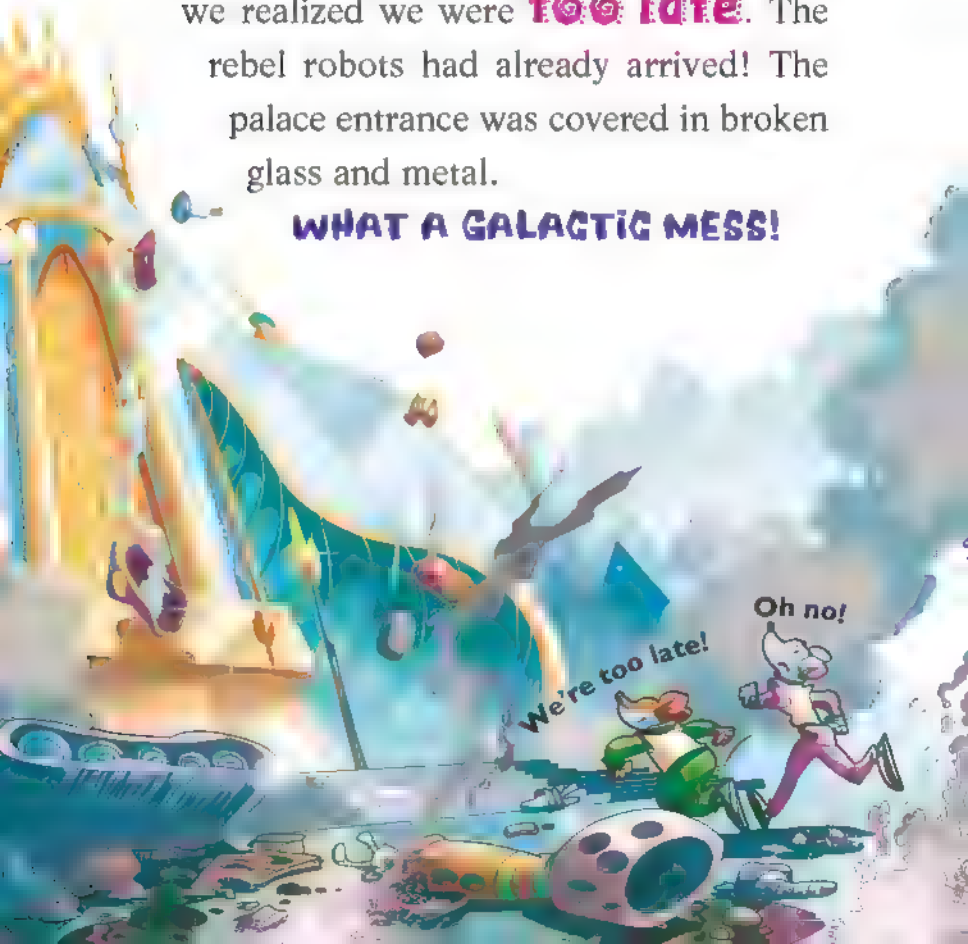


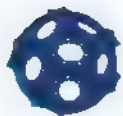
## STOP RIGHT THERE, SPACEMICE!

replied. "Let's get to the emperor's palace immediately . . . The rebel robots are heading that way!"

When we reached the palace, though, we realized we were **too late**. The rebel robots had already arrived! The palace entrance was covered in broken glass and metal.

**WHAT A GALACTIC MESS!**





## YOU'RE FINALLY HERE, CAPTAIN!

Thea and I entered the imperial palace **SLOWLY**, keeping an eye out for the rebel robots. The building was almost completely **DESTROYED**: There was broken glass everywhere, and statues were in pieces.

"It's completely **empty**," Thea observed. "Where are the Cleanix aliens? And where are our friends?"

At that moment, we heard noises above us. We **climbed** some stairs and found an imperial guard tied up with electrical **cords**.

"What happened?" Thea asked as we freed him.



“Those recycled **ROBOTS**  
**CAPTURED** the emperor, his wife,  
and their daughter,” the guard  
explained. “They want to throw  
them into **space!**”

Oh no! It sounded like the  
robots were planning to get their  
**revenge** on the Cleanix aliens





for flinging them into space with their Galactic Garbage Shooter.

“The leader of the rebel robots is one of the emperor’s old personal-computer robots,” the guard explained. “He said he wants to **take back** the city.”

Things were **starting** to make more **sense**. The recycled robots wanted to live in Sparklina instead of being thrown away and tossed into space!

“Maybe the **SPACEMICE** can help settle the dispute,” I told the guard.

“Great idea, Captain,” Thea agreed. “But first we need to free our friends.”

The guard seemed to **trust** us.

“The other spacemice are **locked** in the basement,” he said. “Follow me!”

We hurried down to a large **metal** door. The guard punched a code on a **keypad**,



and the door **burst** open. There were our friends!

"It's so good to see **you**, Uncle!" Benjamin said, giving me a little **PECK** on the snout.

"It's about time!" Trap exclaimed. "I was starting to get a little *hungry*."

"Well, you may still have to wait," I told him. "A lot has been happening!"

"Of course, some of us already know that," Robotix said in an **ANNOYED** tone. "Thanks to my new antenna, I've been **listening in** on the rebel robots' conversations."

"Really?" Thea asked, her ears perking up. "What are they saying?"

"The robots and all the other electronics discarded by the Cleanix aliens have organized," he explained. "They want to prove that they're still **useful**, and

that it isn't right to just throw them in the **trash!**"

It was just as I had thought! But there was one thing that I didn't understand.

"I thought I saw a robot made out of **kitchen appliances,**" I told Robotix.

"Who built it? Did the rebel robots put it together by themselves?"

"Of course!" Robotix said. He sounded insulted. "The Cleanix aliens tossed out very **sophisticated** artisanal robots that were still in working order. And robots are very **INTELLIGENT,** you know!"





## YOU'RE FINALLY HERE, CAPTAIN!

"We have to do **SOMETHING**," Thea said.  
"There's no time to lose!"

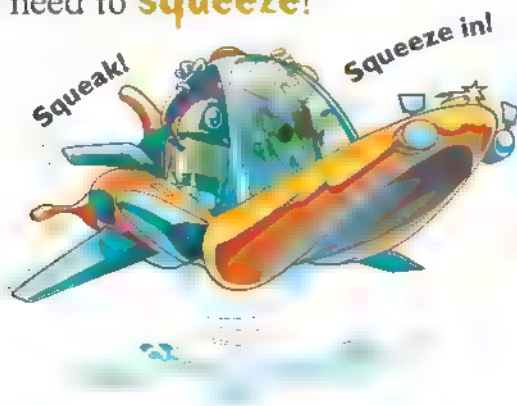
"We need to get to the *Galactic Garbage Shooter* immediately," I agreed. "If the Cleanix aliens and the rebel robots have any chance of working things out, we have to first **SAVE** the emperor and his family!"

The guard **led us** to the palace garage, where the **SUPERLUXURIOUS** (but supertiny!) imperial spaceship was parked.

"We won't all fit in there!" I squeaked.

Trap **pushed me** inside unceremoniously.

"Stop complaining!" he scolded me. "We just need to **squeeze!**"





## READY TO LAUNCH!

We **flew** over the city, which was much less **bright** and sparkly since the robot attack.

“There it is!” Benjamin exclaimed when the **Galactic Garbage Shooter** appeared before us.

**SOLAR SMOKED GOUDA!** Thousands of robots were milling around!

We landed on a small hill and **slowly** made our way through the **robots**. They didn’t seem to care about us at **all**. Instead, they were all looking at the Galactic Garbage Shooter.

Unfortunately, the recycled robots were so **TALL**, I wouldn’t have been able to see a comet even if it had flown right over my head!



"Trap, let me climb up on your shoulders," I told my cousin. "That way I can **SEE** what's going on!"

"**Great idea,** Cuz," Trap replied.

But even from the top of his shoulders, I couldn't **see** worth a crumb of cheese!

"Benjamin, **CLIMB** up on top of **my** shoulders!" I told my nephew.

"Sure, Uncle!" he replied, scurrying to the top.



“Can you see anything?” I asked.

“Yup!” Benjamin squeaked. “The robots are loading the emperor and his daughter into the Galactic Garbage Shooter!”

*Slimy space Swiss!* We had to act fast.

“Run, Trap!” I called down to my cousin. “We need to **STOP** those robots!”

Trap dashed through the crowd as Benjamin and I **WOBBLED** back and forth. Just as we were about to **lose our fur** by tumbling off Trap’s shoulders, we reached the Galactic Garbage Shooter. The rebel robot leader was about to give the order to **shoot!**

“**STOP!**” I squeaked.

The robot leader turned to us in surprise.

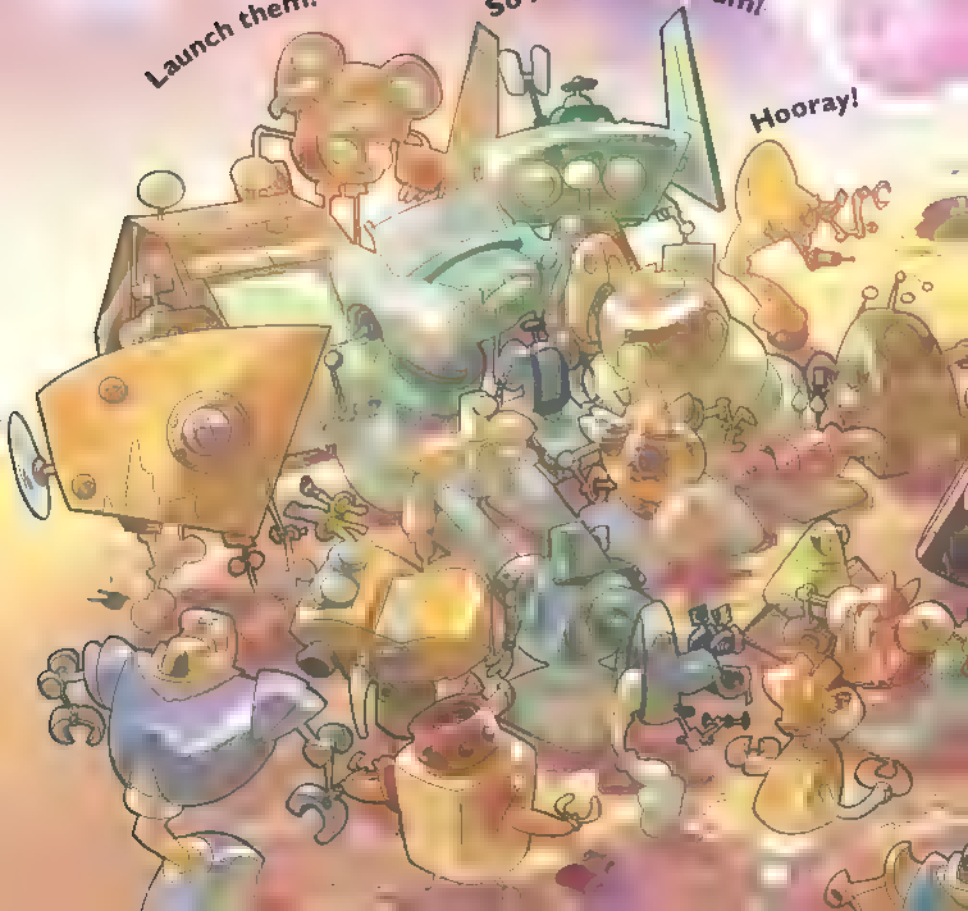
“It’s those **funny aliens** who arrived this morning!” he said. “Who are you and what are you doing here?”



Launch them!

So long, space scum!

Hooray!



Let us down!

Help!

Who are you?

Stop!



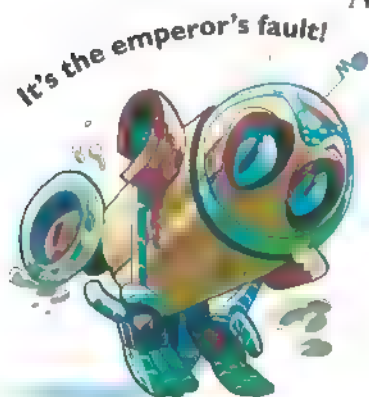


“We are **spacemice**, and we came here to track down the source of all that junk floating in space,” I replied.

“You’re at the source,” the robot leader said. “The junk comes from this **garbage shooter**, which the emperor of Sparklina invented. The **Cleanix** **aliens** throw away things constantly—including robots!—to make room for newer models.

And they do it by shooting the trash into **space**.

I worked for the emperor for months, but he threw me away just like everything else. He replaced me with a newer model with an **UNDERWATER** feature!”





“That’s terrible,” I said sympathetically.

“No, it’s **ridiculous!**” the robot exclaimed. “There are no oceans, lakes, or rivers on Cleanix. So it’s a **useless** feature! And I still work! It’s been the same for all these robots, too.”

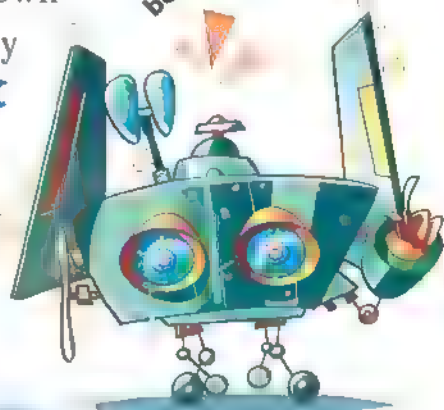
He gestured toward the other rebel robots.

“It’s true!” cried a robot made of **SPACESHIP** parts. “I was thrown away because my owner didn’t like my **color** anymore!”

“And I **was** thrown away and replaced by a model with **six screens** instead of five!” another robot shouted.

“You’re right to be angry, but maybe

*I was thrown away  
because of my color!*





## READY TO LAUNCH!

there's another **evolution** to the problem," I suggested gently. "Sending the emperor and his family into space won't **change** the way the other Cleanix aliens behave."

"Maybe not, but it doesn't matter now," the robot leader replied. "From now on, the **robots rule**! Begin the countdown!"

"Ready for **LAUNCH**," another robot announced. "**Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . .**"





## WHAT A SURPRISE!

I covered my eyes with my **paws** so I wouldn't have to see what happened to the emperor and his family.

"Wait!" someone cried. "**F2-C7**, is that really you? I can't believe it!"

It was **ROBOTIX!**

"F1-C7! What a surprise!" replied the robot leader.

Then he **STOPPED** the countdown.

I uncovered my eyes and saw the two robots hugging each other, **sparks** flying everywhere.

**GREAT GALAXIES!** They knew each other?!

"You're still **intact**," the robot leader said to Robotix in disbelief. "So you weren't





**demolished** after all?"

"No, I still carry out all my functions perfectly on the spaceship **MouseStar 1**," Robotix replied happily. "And, not to *brag*, but I'm much more advanced than their onboard computer."

"**Lucky you!**" the robot leader said, still in awe.



“And what are you doing these days?” Robotix asked.

“Well, I was working for the emperor’s family, but after just six months of service, they substituted a **new** robot for me,” F2-C7 explained. “On **this** planet, they throw everything away **CONSTANTLY**. That’s why we robots have decided to **rebel!**”

“I see,” Robotix said thoughtfully. “But maybe there’s another solution . . .”

The two robots began to chatter in another **language**. Of course I didn’t understand a thing!

“Um, excuse me, Robotix,” I said politely. “Can you tell me what’s going on?”

“Oh, I apologize, Captain Stiltonix,” he replied. “I forgot to introduce you! The robot leader is my cousin **F2-C7!**”

“Y-your cousin?” I asked, stunned.





“Yes, my real name isn’t Robotix—it’s **F1-C7**,” Robotix explained. “F2-C7 and I were **built** together in the same astroyear. But when I moved to the *MouseStar 1*, I lost track of him.”

“And now here we are!” exclaimed the robot leader. “And my **clever** cousin has an interesting idea about how to **SOLVE** our problem.”

“That’s superstellar!” I exclaimed. “What’s the plan?”

“Robotix suggested that we use the *MouseStar 1*’s garbage-recycling machine.”

“Of course!” I squeaked. “The **Stellar Garbage Sortrix** would be **perfect** for the job!”

“We could bring the **Sortrix** here to Cleanix to **RECYCLE** the planet’s garbage,” Thea agreed. “That way all the



trash will have a **new life**! And, of course, we'll encourage the Cleanix to throw out less."

"Well done, Robotix," I congratulated him. "That's a **GENIUS** idea!"

"Could you let us down now?" the emperor called anxiously.

"Yes," I agreed. "We wouldn't want someone to press the **launch** button by mistake!"

Uh, can we get down now?

Release the emperor!





## A NEW ERA FOR CLEANIX

The rebel robots **released** the emperor, his wife, and his daughter from the Galactic Garbage Shooter.

“Thank you for your help,” Emperor Sparkle said. “Without the spacemice, who knows where we might have ended up.”

“That’s easy,” Trap replied. “You’d be in **space!**”

Shimmer threw her arms around my cousin’s neck.

“**My hero!**” she exclaimed. “You and your friends saved us.”

“I’m very sorry for having doubted you,” the emperor said to me. “When you went



to the **DARK** side of the planet, I thought that you were our **ENEMY** . . .”

“I told you that the spacemice were our **friends**, dad!” Shimmer interjected.

“You’re right,” the emperor told his daughter. “I should have **listened** to you.”

Then he turned to me.

“And I should have trusted you, Captain,” he said. “Now what can I do to **make up** for it?”

“Solving your garbage problem would be a great start!” I replied.

“But that’s why we invented the **Galactic Garbage Shooter**,” he said.



"I'm afraid **POLLUTING** space with your junk isn't the answer," Thea said sternly. "You should try using things until they no longer work, instead of just throwing good things away. Then you can **recycle** any garbage that you accumulate."

"Recycle the garbage?" the emperor asked, a puzzled expression on his face. "Okay, but how?"

"The Stellar Garbage Sortrix, a machine we developed, can recycle **ninety-nine point nine percent** of all our garbage," Thea explained. "That way we don't throw anything away—not even **cheese rinds!**"

"We've already **promised** the robots we will lend you the Sortrix," I added. "That way you can clean up your planet from **TOP** to **bottom**. And you'll give new **life** to things that used to be **garbage**."



The emperor gave me a *serious* look. Black hole galaxies, I couldn't tell what he was *thinking*! But then he broke into a **GRIN**.

"Captain Stiltonix, I must admit that this is an **excellent** idea!" he exclaimed.

Then he turned to **F2-G7**.

"I'm sorry I tossed you out without thinking," he said contritely. "Since you





know garbage so well, I would like to make you Cleanix's official *Recycling Manager*. What do you think?"

"I **accept** the position, Your Highness," F2-C7 replied enthusiastically. "Let's start recycling right away."

What a relief! We had come up with a solution for an incredibly **messy** problem. I activated my **WRIST COMMUNICATOR** and called the *MouseStar 1* to tell everyone on board the **good news**. Unfortunately for me, Sally answered!

"What's the word, *Captain?*" she asked eagerly.

"Umm . . . er . . .  
I—I . . ." I stuttered.

**GOSMIC CHEDDAR!**

My nerves always took







over whenever I had a chance to talk to that fabumouse rodent!

“Captain Stiltonix?” Sally asked. “You’re not coming in **CLEARLY!**”

*Luckily*, Trap came to my rescue.

“The captain’s wrist communicator isn’t working well,” Trap explained. “He





wanted to ask you to prepare the **Stellar Garbage Sortrix** for transport to Cleanix. We're loaning it to the emperor so he and his people can

"

Great job!





“Copy that!” Sally replied.

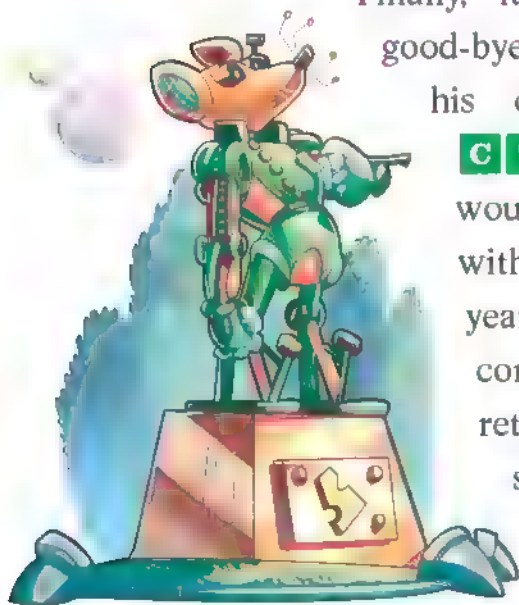
From that day on, the Cleanix aliens began an era of **respect** for their environment—and for their objects. Before we returned to *MouseStar 1*, the emperor threw a party in honor of the spacemice.

It was **superstellar**!

Finally, it was time for good-byes: Robotix and his cousin

**F 2 -**

**C 7** promised they would meet again within two galactic years, and **SHIMMER** convinced Trap to return to Cleanix as soon as his new spacesuit got crumpled.





The Cleanix aliens insisted on giving us thank-you **GIFTS**. Mine was the highest **honor** in the city: A statue made from **RECYCLED** metal was installed on Sparklina's main street, right next to the one of former emperor Reginald Shiny!

**MOUSY METEORITES**, what an honor!

Our mission complete, we returned to *MouseStar* I. Now space would be clean again, and I could get to work writing about our encounter with the **Cleanix aliens**. And, of course, I had to reschedule my *dinner date* with Sally! Though, first I'd have to find the **courage** to actually squeak with her, snout-to-snout. But that, dear rodent friends, is an intergalactic adventure for another day!



Don't miss any adventures  
of the Spacemice!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Sea Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



#6 The Underwater Planet



#7 Beware! Space Junk!



#8 Away in a Star Sled

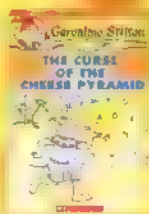
Up Next!



**Be sure to read all my  
fabumouse adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and Mouse in a Mountain House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle**



**#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Coat**



**#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's Halloween, You 'Friddy Mouse!**



**#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!**



**#13 The Phantom of the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire**



**#15 The Mona Mouse Code**



**#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper**



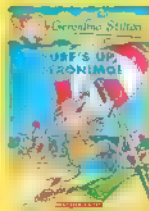
**#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands**



**#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton**



**#20 Seri's Up, Geronimo!**





**#21 The Wild, Wild West**



**#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle**



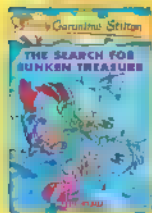
**A Christmas Tale**



**#23 Valentine's Day Disaster**



**#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls**



**#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure**



**#26 The Mummy with No Name**



**#27 The Christmas Toy Factory**



**#28 Wedding Crashers**



**#29 Down and Out Down Under**



**#30 The Mouse Island Marathon**



**#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief**



**Christmas Catastrophe**



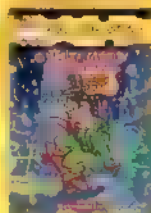
**#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons**



**#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery**



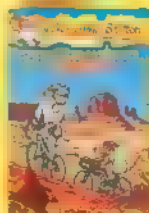
**#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent**



**#35 A Very Merry Christmas**



**#36 Geronimo's Valentine**



**#37 The Race Across America**



**#38 A Fabmouse School Adventure**



**#39 Singing Sensation**



**#40 The Karate Mouse**



**#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro**



**#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief**



**#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!**



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



#52 Moose in Space



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get Into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot!



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Maddy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Moose House Hunter



#62 Moose Overboard!



The Hunt for the Secret Papyrus



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission





Join me and my friends as  
we travel through time in  
these very special editions!



**THE JOURNEY  
THROUGH TIME**



**BACK IN TIME:  
THE SECOND JOURNEY  
THROUGH TIME**



**THE RACE  
AGAINST TIME:  
THE THIRD JOURNEY  
THROUGH TIME**



**Don't miss  
any of these  
exciting  
Thea Sisters  
adventures!**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Dragon's Code**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Secret City**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



**Thea Sillton and the  
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**Thea Sillton: Big Trouble  
in the Big Apple**



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Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Sillton and the  
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**Thea Sillton and the Mystery  
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**Thea Sillton and the  
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Spanish Dance Mission**



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Journey to the Lion's Den**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Great Tulip Heist**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Chocolate Sabotage**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Missing Myth**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Lost Letters**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Tropical Treasure**



**Thea Sillton and the  
Hollywood Heist**



# Meet GERONIMO STILTONOOT

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and the Frozen



#5 The Great Mouse Race



#6 Don't Wake the Dinosaur!



#7 I'm a Scaredy-Mouse!



#8 Surfing for Secrets



#9 Get the Scoop, Geronimo!



#10 My Autosaurus Will Win!



#11 Sea Monster Surprise



#12 Paws Off the Pearl!



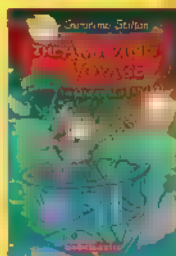
Don't miss any  
of my magical  
special edition  
adventures!



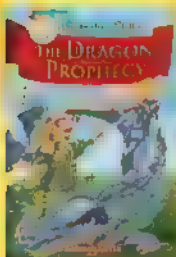
**THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY**



**THE QUEST FOR  
PARADISE:  
THE RETURN TO THE  
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**



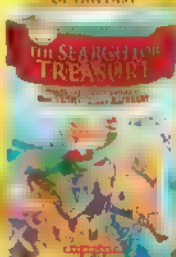
**THE AMAZING  
VOYAGE:  
THE THIRD ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY**



**THE DRAGON  
PROPHECY:  
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY**



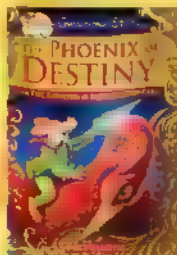
**THE VOLCANO  
OF FIRE:  
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY**



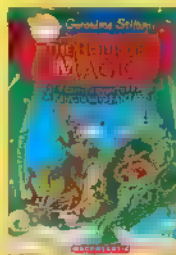
**THE SEARCH  
FOR TREASURE:  
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY**



**THE ENCHANTED  
CHARMS:  
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY**



**THE PHOENIX  
OF DESTINY:  
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF  
FANTASY ADVENTURE**



**THE HOUR OF  
MAGIC:  
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY**

# MouseStar!

The spaceship: home and refuge of the spacemice





1. Control room
2. Gigantic telescope
3. Greenhouse to grow plants and flowers
4. Library and reading room
5. Astral Park, an amusement park
6. Space Yum Café
7. Kitchen
8. Liftrix, the special elevator that moves between all floors of the spaceship
9. Computer room
10. Crew cabins
11. Theater for space shows
12. Warp-speed engines
13. Tennis court and swimming pool
14. Multipurpose technogym
15. Space pods for exploration
16. Cargo hold for food supply
17. Natural biosphere



Dear mouse friends,  
thanks for reading,  
and good-bye until the next book.  
See you in outer space!







# MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!

## BEWARE! SPACE JUNK!

*MouseStar 1* is surrounded by floating space junk! It's yucky — and dangerous. Geronimo Stiltonix tracks down the source of the junk and meets very wasteful aliens. Even worse, robots that the aliens threw away have started to rebel! Can the spacemice restore harmony before the robots take over?



 SCHOLASTIC



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